

Times Remembered Betty A. Young BYoung505@Outlook.Com

Colton's Games

schools and athletic programs, the relay team at Royal Spring. kids couldn't get started. But Colton's teams did manage to play.

Colton played football last fall for Royal Spring Middle School; (yes he's in middle school and just turned 12 years old.) it's hard to believe. His 7th grade team won the Blue Grass Conference; he played up starting at Tight End and also played some at Quarterback on offense and started on defense at Defensive End for 7th grade.

In basketball he started 6th grade and they were Blue Grass Conference runner up. He also dressed and played up on the 7th grade team for Royal Spring. He also played for a traveling team.

This year he surprised me when he said he wanted to run track and work on his speed. And that he wasn't playing baseball this year. I was disappointed because he is such a great pitcher and hitter. I want him to do what makes him happy. I know anything he does he gives 110%.

He has qualified for middle school I haven't said much about Colton state tournament in Louisville on this year. The way COVID affected the June 5th as part of the 4x400 meter

He also had all A's all year in the erage in all the 6th grades. 6th grade classroom and was award-



Betty Arvin Young's grandson, Colton Helton

He's growing up fast, too fast. His all legs now.

ed the highest Science grade point av- height now is 5ft 11 inches, but his weight is just 135. We tell him he is

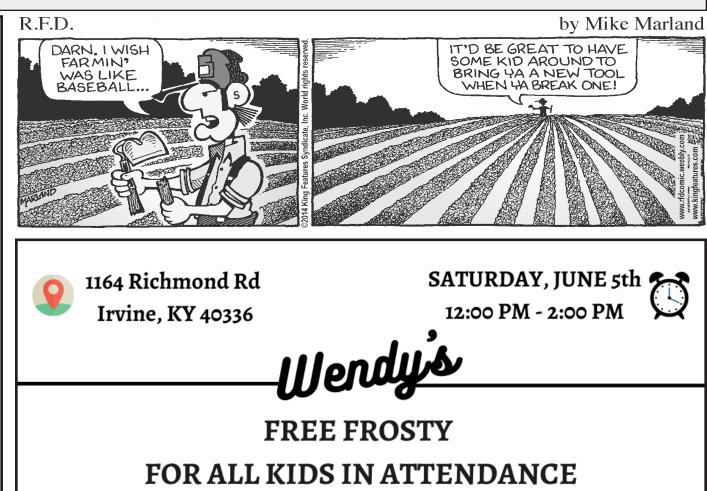
Memorial Day 2021 I Kneel and Pray at the Soldier's Grave Author: Frieda Holliman

A field of dandelions outlines the old wooden fence posts that lead to a rugged gate, marking the entrance of a family cemetery filled with the history of so many people. This was where long ago, a grandfather, or his dad, had made a fence from the sweat of his brow and the callouses on his hands. He knew someday his body would rest there, too. He knew the fence would stand the test of time, and this is where the cemetery first began.

The family each year makes the trip to put flowers on their loved ones' graves. As the sun begins to come up, we make the trip across the hill to the top of the mountain to place little American flags on soldier boys' graves, just like they all have done so many years before us. We know in our hearts there's not just one that has served and died for the cause.

As I look out over this special spot here today, I see blue skies and mountains and valleys so green and full. It's truly a beautiful day to give honor and thanks. So many have gone on as we celebrate this Memorial Day. They were all treasured gifts from God.

I think in my mind of your memories of childhood, of family and friends. I know this young man had a mother. As I place this little flag, I kneel down to pray. I can see clearly a homemade quilt that wrapped him when he was a babe. Maybe there were marriage vows later, when you became a young man, that were said. A grandma, grandfather too, or a dad who shared tears on the day they laid you to rest. This old wooden fence has faded with time, and time stands still for no one. I think of the cross and the grave and the great sacrifice that has been made; and your life was given, too. And so many of you are resting somewhere on a mountain or a hill, somewhere near, somewhere today. So many will climb their hill and mountain to get to the top to place their little flags there, just like we did. I see wild ferns growing and hear the birds singing their heavenly song. It's rare beauty to see, a sight for these tired old eyes to see. The red fern grows; yet, it only blooms for you. These golden memories celebrate each life that is resting in eternity that was a pottery of life. Oh, Little Child, you were to someone a shining star in their eyes, a tender heart, laughs crying of a baby, a smile. The adventurous places you must have traveled; seeking the sky, summer breezes, red birds singing. Lullabies were sung to you one day. I know when we place these little flags, it's not enough. But, it helps to remind us all of you. Some gave all, they gave themselves. We must never forget! I'll try to cross this mountaintop each year. Someday, I'll rest there, too, and maybe someone else will carry on the tradition just like you did. On Memorial Day, we celebrate the life or our loved ones who are gone on. We still love and cherish and respect them and miss them so much. This little flag that I place on this soldier's grave on this Memorial Day. I kneel down to pray. The tears still run down my face as I place this little flag on this little boy's grave on this special day. He knows he died and served his country so bravely, we must never forget to give honor and thanks on Memorial Day to everyone who has gone on. Someday, I'll rest there, too, and someone else must carry on (Amen). Author: Frieda Richardson Holliman





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